Blood in the Storm

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Blood in the Storm

by BoBaJa

Summary

After the fall, Will awakens to a becoming beyond what he allowed himself to expect, but he would be a liar if he said he didn't see this coming.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

He writhes, caught on the floor and consumed by the heat growing in his belly. His mind hasn't felt like this in years, and falling into the ocean should not have caused it. All his grand plans vanished. Everything left in ruins, and even the last desperate plunge failed as Hannibal or another force dragged them aboard an awaiting ship. Out at sea, no one could find them. No one would come to save him.

The apathetic pillar of Hannibal's shadow stands in the doorway. A storm brews outside, and the sea tosses them back and forth with little care to those aboard. Still, the agony stemming from within overpowers his fear - overpowers his reason.

"What have you done?" Will groans, fighting the blankets about him as if they were chains.

Hannibal tilts his head. His eyes watching - always watching. "You came into my house. You consumed the meals I placed before you, eating all I offered."

It's been a long time since Hannibal last cooked for him. No poison comes to mind that would take this long or do this to him.

"Not a poison," Hannibal reassures. "This is your becoming. I had hoped you would be ready years ago - back before…" he stops himself, likely tastes how poorly Will would receive the reminder of Abigail, and even knowing where the man intended to tread has the brunet baring his teeth. "You've seen me, Will. In that dark place where you try to keep afloat - below the waves, you have seen me."

It hurts. Everything hurts, and there is a slickness, a flood of fluid between his legs where there should be no place to gush. Before Hannibal, there is no shame. Nothing but terror and longing and heat as Will throws aside his last layers of clothes and presses fingers where smooth skin should be and finds a second sex instead. His fingers sink inside the heat, and as a moan tears through him, Hannibal lurches forward before catching himself. Nostrils flare, scenting the air.

"You courted me. Fed me your prey and yourself. Built up the potential inside, awaiting the moment I accepted our fate - accepted you," Will murmurs, falling from a higher cliff. Plunging into a strange new cold. "Made me ready for you - for our children. You tried to

keep Abigail, but without our mating, her transformation went wrong." Will shakes his head. "It wasn't a mercy, killing her. You made the choice. She never consented. Had no idea what you were."

Hannibal slowly undoes the buttons of his shirt. He strips calmly. As if his cock doesn't tent his trousers, leaving nothing to the imagination at all. "You didn't know."

Will's stomach churns, but two fingers shove inside this new opening again and again, fingering himself as he fists his own cock, knowing how lewd he appears. It is an invitation. He means to look absolutely wanton. Hannibal intended this heat, and if he wanted to see something feral, something dark and possessive and animalistic like him, Hannibal would take what Will desired to give him and no more.

No less either.

"I knew," Will whispers, spreading his fingers, showing off the wet heat of him. "I saw the horns. Felt you in the air. I knew what they made you - what you made of yourself."

"And of what I intend to make of you?"

Letting his fingers slip free, Will opens his arms, and Hannibal falls into them, pinning the smaller man beneath his muscular weight. The darker haired man runs his fingers through the other's hair, feeling the heat of Hannibal between his legs. This is a meeting of monsters. Their union will birth horrors, and before, Will buried the thought, the possibility, the insanity of his becoming in the depths of his soul where he dared not look. He proclaimed disinterest in Hannibal for a reason, but the predator feigning humanity refused to be cast aside. Plotted his way back to the mate of his selection. The mate he prepared to make his equal - his better.

"They won't replace what you've taken from me."

Hannibal shivers. "I am aware."

“You will never touch them.” He doesn’t specify who, but Hannibal knows the wife and child he leaves behind - the latest that the man has stolen from Will.

“Never.”

Their union is vicious. Teeth sink into skin, tasting blood as they wrestle, clawing at each other until Will pinned Hannibal beneath him and sunk down on the throbbing cock presented to him. Riding it, he finds only his mate’s seed eases the ache in his core, and he takes - again and again until exhaustion pulls him back and then Hannibal gives him more, tying up his insides until there is shadow - darkness and horns as they couple like beasts. Days come and go beneath the storm of them, and when Will walks out on deck bare to the world, cum drips down his legs. Already, he knows some has taken root. Darkness grows inside him. They are vile and cruel creatures. Hungry for flesh. Furious at the slightest injustice. Ruthless monsters always on the hunt, and soon there will be children to feed.

End Notes

The line "you came into my house, you ate the food I placed before you" popped into my head, and it was either this or Gawain and the Green Knight. I picked these two idiots.

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